

# THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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[No. 16.]

## SELECTIONS.

### ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

(Continued from page 57.)

The Count's sixth essay, which commences the second volume, "on the management of fire and the economy of fuel," deserves a more particular notice, than can be assigned it in a biographical sketch. It will be found to contain some of the most useful and practical philosophical principles, applicable to the common affairs of life, which any subject can afford; and, when it is considered how many wants and comforts of mankind depend on the operation of that subtle and illusory agent, heat, the numerous details and experiments, which are found in this essay, cannot but be highly interesting. No possible use, to which fire can be applied, seems to have escaped the author's scrutinizing mind. But its application to cookery and warming rooms has been his chief study. With respect to the former the kitchen of the house of industry at Munich, of the military academy, of the military mess house, of the farm house, and those, belonging to the Inn in the English garden, of the hospitals of La Pieta and la Misericordia at Verona, of one, fitted up, as a model, in the house of Sir John Sinclair, Bart. in London, of the foundling hospital at London, of the military kitchen for the camp, and several others in different parts of Europe are sufficient to shew the ingenuity and usefulness as well, as the success of his plans of reform.

In warming the habitations of men by common fires, by steam, and by smoke, though this application of the two last is quite novel, he has made the heat, produced in the combustion of fuel, pass through the several offices of cooking, boiling water, and warming rooms in such a manner, as scarcely a particle of heat is lost. He fitted a boiler at one end of one of the working halls to the house of industry in Dublin, by which steam, in conjunction with smoke, was made to warm the room, and in one of the churches of that city steam alone was made use of, which completely answered his expectations. He also formed a plan of the same kind for heating the superb new building, destined for the meeting of the Irish house of commons.

The seventh essay relates to "the propagation of heat in fluids." This is diversified by so many experiments and such just observations on the general economy of the universe, with all the various and beautiful changes of seasons and climates, that the mind is unwarily led to sublime contemplation. In these, as in all his philosophical researches, he makes the most accurate experiments, faithfully relates them, makes his own reflexions, and leaves his readers to draw such conclusions, as facts will justify, without wishing them to adopt any particular theory.

The object of his eighth essay, "on the propagation of heat in various substances," is prin-

cipally to investigate the causes of the warmth of natural and artificial cloathing.

Count Rumford's ninth essay, which closes the second volume is an "inquiry concerning the source of the heat, excited by friction."—With such a patron and assistant, as the Elector, he could easily command whatever might aid him in his useful studies. Pursuing his official occupation of superintending the ordnance, and boring cannon at Munich, the process suggested to him many important hints relative to this subject.

An idea, that heat is caused by friction, has been entertained by many philosophers, while some have given it a different origin. But Rumford's experiments place the question in a clear light. By confining the end of a cannon, while boring, in a box filled with water, so that the operation was performed below the surface of the fluid, the heat, generated by the friction, communicated itself to the water, and, by measuring the temperature of the water at regular periods, he determined the quantity of heat, produced in the experiment. The event, as may easily be supposed, afforded him much satisfaction, and quite astonished the bystanders, who witnessed it. While the machinery was moving, the degree of heat, which the water acquired by the friction between the borer and the cannon during two hours and thirty minutes, was sufficient to make the water boil.

While upon this subject, we shall insert the substance of a "memoire sur la chaleur, par M. le comte de Rumford, lu a la seance publique de l'institut national, le 6 messidor an. 12," though not communicated to the public, till June 1804 in the "Gazette Nationale."

He has in this memoir, read before the national institute of France, of which he is a member, endeavored, with great success, to reconcile the different opinions among philosophers, some of whom consider heat, as a substance, and others, a vibratory movement of the component particles of bodies. The Count has adopted the hypothesis of vibratory movement, and concludes from his own researches, that this is alone sufficient to account for all the phenomena of heat.

The French philosophers, perceiving the difficulties, which arose from the ambiguity of chemical language, adopted the word *calorique*, to express heat, whether considered as matter, or the movement of its particles; and this term will suit all opinions, leaving the question yet undecided, *what is heat*, and what are the certain invariable laws of its operation?

To ascertain how extremely active this principle is, and to expose its most secret works, he contrived an instrument, very simple indeed, which he called a Thermoscope. It consists of a glass tube about 28 inches long, with the interior diameter half a line. The two extremities, ending in very thin glass bulbs of about one inch and a half diameter, are bent so, as to form right angles with the remaining part of the tube, and leaving the horizontal or middle part sixteen inches long. In this in-

strument is inclosed a small quantity of colored spirits of wine, and wholly defended from any communication with the external air. While it is used, the two arms are placed perpendicular, and when any warm or cold body is presented to either bulb, the other being secured from its effects by proper covering, the operation on the spirits of wine is designated by graduations on the horizontal tube.

Pursuing the train of his experiments with the thermoscope, he observed many analogies between the operation of heat or cold on different bodies, and the undulations, arising in the air, when any sonorous body was struck.—While reasoning on the experiments and the probable similarity of the two operations, he was led to suppose, that, if the vibration or undulation in the air, caused by the percussion of sonorous bodies, could have any analogy with the vibratory movement, supposed to be the hidden cause of heat, a speaking trumpet would afford some assistance in ascertaining the fact. Having placed one of the bulbs of the thermoscope at the small end of the speaking trumpet, which was well polished and bright on the inside, he applied a very thin globe of copper about three inches diameter, filled with pounded ice, at the distance of twelve inches from the other. This instrument caused the cold body to operate with triple the force on the bulb of the thermoscope.

This memoir contains many other interesting experiments, relative to the facility, with which calorific or frigorific rays operate on white or black, polished or unpolished bodies. They are not confined to speculative enquiries, but are made to throw new light on the phenomena of nature, and to show how she has accommodated the nations of the earth, who inhabit a burning climate, with a defence against the intense heat of the sun. Thus the black skin of an African enables him to support a heat, which is insupportable to an inhabitant of a milder climate.

(To be continued.)

### A Character from Sully.

YOUNG Servin was at once a miracle and a monster; for no other idea can be given of that assemblage of the most excellent and most pernicious qualities. He had a genius so lively and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him scarce ignorant of any thing, which could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of what he attempted; and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned. He possessed all parts of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly, fortification and drawing; even in theology, he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher, whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant for and against the reformed religion, indifferently. He not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages, which we call learned, but also all the different jargons, or modern dialects; he accented, and pronounced them



so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners, both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all, or any of these countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully. He was the best comedian and greatest droll, that perhaps ever appeared. He had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses; he played upon almost all instruments, was a perfect master of music, and sung most agreeably and justly; he likewise could say mass; for he was of a disposition to do, as well as know all things. His body was perfectly well suited to his mind; he was light, nimble, dexterous, and fit for all exercises; he could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired. There are no recreative games that he did not know; and he was skilled in all mechanic arts. But reverse the medal. He was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard and a glutton, a sharper in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, an atheist. In a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honor, religion, and society; the truth, of which he himself evinced with his latest breath, for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with the glass in his hand, cursing and denying God.

#### BEAUTY.

ELFRIDA, daughter to the earl of Devonshire, was a woman of such exquisite beauty, that its fame extended even to young Edgar's court. Being a strong admirer of female beauty, and having at that time no prior attachment, he resolved to declare himself her suitor, if she really possessed those transcendent charms, which rumor had ascribed to her. Not chusing to publish his intention until he was convinced it would not be likely to produce repentance, he made a confidant of the earl of Ethelwold, desiring him to make a pretence for visiting Elfrida's father, and if he found the young lady, as was reported, declare the honor that was intended her. Anxious to promote his royal master's wishes, Ethelwold immediately began his journey, and soon arrived at the earl of Devonshire's; but the moment he beheld the fair Elfrida, his fidelity became the sacrifice of his affection, and instead of promoting his master's passion, he declared his own. Ethelwold was the known favourite of his sovereign, and such a man was not likely to meet with a refusal from the Earl of Devonshire, who not only consented to the union, but agreed that the marriage should remain private, until the Earl could formally obtain the King's consent. On his return to court, he informed Edgar, that it must have been the high birth and immense fortune of the Earl of Devonshire's daughter that occasioned the tongue of fame to be so loud in the praise of her charms, as they were far inferior to what he had expected, and by no means sufficient to attract the King's affection. Edgar, satisfied with his favourite's account, entirely relinquished his design, and new pursuits obliterated the fair Elfrida from his imagination. Some months had elapsed, when Ethelwold informed his sovereign, that, though the Earl of Devonshire's daughter, was not possessed of sufficient charms to render her a desirable match for a King yet her immense fortune was sufficiently at-

tractive to make her an object of desire to one of his subjects, and therefore requested his approbation to the alliance. Edgar instantly consented; and Ethelwold publicly received the hand which had before been bestowed upon him in private. A thousand pretences were formed for detaining the lovely bride in the country; for though Ethelwold had been blinded by the excess of passion before his marriage, he soon afterwards began to dread the effects of his sovereign's displeasure. To become the favourite of a monarch, is a certain method to obtain the disregard of his courtiers, and Ethelwold felt the truth of the observation; for those, who envied the favour he possessed, were anxious to establish their own upon his ruin.

Edgar was apprised of his favourite's conduct, exasperated at the idea of having been deprived the possession of so lovely an object, instantly resolved to have vengeance for the perfidy. Disguising his resentment, and smothering his rage, he one morning told Ethelwold that he purposed going to the castle, and paying his compliments to the bride, desiring him, at the same time, to prepare for their immediate departure. The affrighted earl, terrified at the apprehension of the king's displeasure, yet incapable of forming any plan by which he could avoid it, requested permission to precede his royal guest, and make preparations for the honoured visit. A few short hours was all the time that Edgar would allow, and these the earl employed in pleading the strength of his attachment to his wife, and urging her to veil (as much as possible) those charms that had robbed him of his fidelity. Though Elfrida's beauty was transcendent, her virtue was certainly obscured by vanity; for the idea of becoming mistress of a throne, and obtaining an ascendancy over the youthful monarch's heart, induced her to forsake her duty, and become regardless of her husband's safety! Instead of endeavouring to obscure her charms, she studied the most likely method of making them alluring, and succeeded so effectually in her design, that the heart of Edgar was instantly enslaved! Burning with rage, and glowing with resentment, he invited the unsuspecting Ethelwold to hunt with him in a wood adjoining his castle, and there with a dagger avenged the injuries he had sustained. Elfrida was easily persuaded to accept the hand of her husband's murderer; and, when seated on a throne, totally forgot the inhuman means by which she had ascended it.

#### ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

##### FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

*From the LITERARY WORKSHOP—No. 5.*

##### ON TELLING THE TRUTH.

THE value of truth in society has gained it a reputation, which its enemies will not easily destroy. All nations have refounded praises in honor of the man of truth, and have been equally forward in pouring execrations on the head of the liar. Some from true principle have been unwilling to violate truth. Others have maintained it to support their reputation. And a few there are so abandoned, so lost to all goodness and a sense of honor, that they are wholly indifferent what character they receive from the world, and equally unconcerned about the reputation of truth.

There is another class of people, in some respects, diverse from either of those described; and this shall command our present attention. These, so far from being indifferent with regard to their own character, profess to esteem reputation dearer than life, and to have the utmost detestation of lying. But their virtue is not altogether of the negative kind. They not only abhor lying, but are so enamored of truth, that they cannot refrain from being always telling it. Unwilling to appear indifferent, or moderately engaged in what they conceive of the highest importance, they cheerfully devote all their time and talents to the honorable profession of telling the truth.

While others content themselves with relating to their friends barely what is interesting, or agreeable; these are so zealously engaged in speaking the truth, that they will ever tell you all they know, whether you wish to hear or not. Should they confine themselves merely to what others desire to hear, it is not probable they could be always engaged in their laudable profession. Much precious time would be lost. And to remain idle, they consider, would betray an indifference in the cause of truth little becoming its importance. They have, therefore, adopted it as a universal maxim, "to tell every body every thing that ever they heard."

If you meet a person of this description you will find his mind loaded with a vast quantity of truth, which he has reserved in store to use on all occasions. This, the moment he approaches you, he will pour forth like a mighty torrent; and with so little mercy that you will seldom get a chance to speak once in half an hour, and never to retire, till you have swallowed down the whole. After his fund of truth is exhausted, this restriction is generally added, "that you tell no person living what you have heard." Every person he falls in with, can bear a similar testimony of his zeal in this dignified employment, and all receive the same injunction of secrecy. This restriction on others, so far from appearing to his disadvantage is an unquestionable proof of the great pleasure he receives in telling the truth. And if he finds a real pleasure in this employment, who will say he ought not to enjoy it undisturbed? Who will pretend to argue, that a man, who wholly devotes himself to so worthy a cause is not intitled to all the advantages, which it can afford? Certainly then, it is strictly just, that those, who have not merited these pleasures and advantages, should be deprived of their enjoyment. It might, perhaps, be a regulation worthy of a generous government to grant these benevolent and patriotic characters a patent right for telling the truth. Surely every reasonable encouragement is due to a profession so honorable and so highly beneficial to society.

These votaries of truth have very extensive resources from which they draw materials for pursuing their profession. They have no less than all which concerns themselves and every body else. When they speak of others, they choose generally to dwell on their failings; and here they have truly a fruitful subject—a subject so congenial to their feelings, that they converse upon it with peculiar pleasure. When they are so happy as to turn the conversation upon themselves, they ever introduce their good qualities for the theme of discourse. And it must, indeed, be acknowledged the subject is here rather barren. But, however, to



keep up the appearance of telling the truth, they find means of enlarging it, till it becomes wonderfully fruitful. This is done by substituting falsehood and calling it truth. But in effecting this, they use every precaution to save the reputation of the latter. For they declare all they have uttered is strictly true, and seem willing to convince you of it by the most solemn protestations.

Their conduct here, is so far from deserving censure, that undoubtedly it merits commendation; for instead of remaining unemployed, as they must otherwise have done, to the disgrace of their profession, they have opened a vast field for telling the truth. But they have still higher merit. They can not only make falsehood stand for truth, but really convert it into truth. This is effected by blending them together with a kind of magical art. The operation resembles that of making counterfeit money. Falsehood is so curiously polished over, and so artfully entamped with all the features of truth, that the most discerning eye will hardly discover the deception. True, indeed, the execution is not always quite so happy. Where the subject respects their own virtues and good qualities, there is generally such a deficiency of truth that falsehood, in spite of their exertions to polish and cover it, will appear naked in all its deformity. This misfortune, however, is not to be attributed to their want of skill, but to the scarcity of truth. Their skill, without doubt, in performing this operation is surpassed by nothing but their goodness in undertaking it.

What praises are due to these worthy characters for their noble conduct! They have laid open a rich mine, from which materials may be drawn to be always telling the truth. Nay more; they have increased, beyond measure, the real quantity of truth by changing it from falsehood. To do them justice exceeds my powers. I must, therefore, leave them to the approbation of their own consciences and the applause of posterity.

#### FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

##### FAME—the Student's reward.

Honos alit artes, omneque incendentur ad studia gloria.  
*Tul. Tus. dis.*

THE happy influence of the cultivation of the arts and sciences on society, and their tendency to the amelioration of principles and manners, must be acknowledged by all. Those in lower grades experience their utility, as well as the more exalted. Their relation extends not only to the sublime mysteries, which are too often securely locked in the cabinets of the great, but to those trivial, secular concerns, which seldom arrest our attention. If we reflect for a moment, how the circle, with which we are surrounded, arose from a mere mathematical point; that it is now too far extended for the comprehension of the most enlarged capacity; and that the least progress, in its first advances, was considered as wonderfully mysterious, we shall be fully convinced of the truth of these remarks. For there can be no doubt, that he, who first invented the bow and arrow, and brought them to such perfection as to do execution, was by many as much honored and revered, as he, who discovered the law, by which systems are regulated. The fact is, the most paltry affair, which ever found em-

ployment for the inventive powers, has been, and is still under some circumstances, essentially important.

From these preliminaries it is easy to deduce this conclusion; that those habits and modes of thinking, which will promote and give encouragement to the arts and sciences, should be carefully cherished in society. Many arts, from their nature and obvious relations, are, necessarily, sufficiently encouraged. Such are those used in ordinary, domestic, concerns. These, being daily objects of attention, and occupying considerable part of the time of those employed in manual labour, regulate themselves; and have nearly arrived to perfection. They recommend themselves by their immediate utility; and the absolute necessity of them, in common life, gives them all needed encouragement.

But, with those of a more literary and scientific nature, the case is far different. With respect to these, nothing can be said more pertinent, than what is laid down by Cicero in our motto; *honor nourishes the arts; and all are fired to study by fame.* The truth of this observation holds as well in modern, as in ancient times; for it is incorporated with our nature. The man, who passes the vigor of his days in intense lucubrations, who wastes his strength by the nocturnal lamp, who is devoted to the interest of the world, in refining the taste and extending the views of mankind, is instigated more by the hope of glory, and is stimulated more when he receives it, than he is by the hope of pecuniary reward, or the actual reception of it. However, he well deserves both, if he attain the object of his intention; or the former, and most valuable, if he prove unsuccessful, as a debt to his meritorious attempt. In short, unless there be applause and glory attached to literary merit, literature will necessarily become stationary or retrograde. Stationary it cannot long be, from the very constitution of things. Retrograde, then, it must of consequence be; for there is no alternative.

The foregoing doctrine may be well illustrated, by casting a glance on Greece and Rome, in the ages of their prosperity. In these countries, the arts and sciences once shone with superior lustre. Particularly, poetry, painting, and sculpture; perhaps I might with propriety mention some branches of the mathematics and philosophy, were advanced to a degree never rivalled. If a reason should be demanded, why they attained such height, in these ancient states, historians furnish us with facts, which may be stated as the cause. The rich rewarded with their treasure, their authority, and their applause; the poor, who had nothing else to give, with their panegyrics, their wonder, and their admiration, every considerable attempt of the author or artist. Competitors for the laurel assisted one another. Applause was not invidiously withheld from merit. They could, as was said of Æschines and Demosthenes, those celebrated Athenian competitors, notice *emulation without envy, and rivalry without enmity.* Thus when the arts and sciences received due applause, they flourished, and beamed forth with splendor; when this was denied them, they grew dim and were extinguished like the exhausted taper.

How different the reward of genius among the ancients and moderns! The former, as we have observed, at certain periods, bestowed all that applause and emolument, the most ardent devotion could dictate. From the latter, a

cold and languid approbation is with reluctance extorted! Among the former, a Virgil could gain adulation from his sovereign, and almost deification from his cotemporaries! Among the latter, a Milton could scarce gain a scanty subsistence; while succeeding generations were left to bestow those encomiums due to his merit! Rome could hold out to Roscius, a comedian, a princely revenue! While Britain could scarce afford a Thompson his bread!

Perhaps too many modern geniuses have failed in this particular; that is, in rendering their writings and discoveries interesting to common observers. However this should be remembered, that the most profound and elaborate performance will never meet a warm reception, unless it be dressed in such colours as to interest the imagination. W.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

Cato, the Roman censor, was so remarkably attached to his brother Cæpes, that, from earliest days of childhood, he could never bear to be separated from him. And Plutarch, in his life of that great man, observes, that they were scarcely ever seen asunder; and when death deprived him of his loved companion, he felt the blow as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen him.

Titus, one of the best of the Roman Emperors, though informed that his brother Domitian had endeavored to make the army rebel against him, yet treated him with the utmost tenderness, and often solicited a return of that unbounded affection which he felt towards his unworthy brother.

##### FEMALE CRUELTY.

Cleopatra, widow of Demetrius, King of Syria, having assumed the reins of government during the minority of her son Seleucus, was so exasperated with him for attempting to diminish her authority, by taking them into his own hands, that, in a fit of rage, she plunged a dagger into his bosom to secure herself the continuance of her power.

When the head of Cicero was brought into Anthony's presence, his wife Fulvia took it in her hands, struck it on the face, and after uttering many execrations against it, placed it between her knees, and opening the mouth, tore out that tongue which could almost have softened cruelty by its eloquence, and spitting upon it with contempt, pierced it several times through with her bodkin.

##### AGENTS for the LITERARY TABLET.

Samuel Miller, Esq. Middlebury, Ver.  
Doct. Solomon Williams, do.

##### DIED.

In Hamilton (Mass.) Miss Hannah Brown, aged 37. After a long and painful sickness, which she sustained with christian patience and resignation, she calmly bid adieu to visionary objects, cheerfully welcomed the terrors of death, and smiling, slumbered in the embraces of her Redeemer.—Her relatives are deprived of a valuable connexion, her friends an amiable and instructive companion, and the Church of Christ a highly respectable and exemplary member.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.  
SPRING.

THRICE welcome balmy breathing Spring,  
Borne thro' the air on zephyr's wing !  
I hail thy glad return !  
Awake thy charming minstrelsy,  
And call sweet notes of harmony  
From Nature's pallid urn !

Too long, Despondency, alas !  
My soul has felt thy chilling blasts !  
Too keen thy frigid power !  
Long has the cold nocturnal dew  
Hung glit'ring ice-drops to my view,  
From Melancholy's bower.

'Tis thine, sweet Spring, to change the scene,  
To dress the fields in living green,  
And kindle beauty's zelt ;  
With radiant beams thy suns benign  
Shall cheer again this heart of mine,  
By wintry damps deprest'd.

Thy cheering rays shall clothe anew  
The waving groves in vivid hue,  
And wake the sleeping lyre ;  
The breeze shall bear the morning song,  
Forth from the Muses' bow'r, along,  
Which dancing Loves inspire.

EUGENIO.

## FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

*Pleasant-Hill, March, 1806.*

YE few, who can impart a joy,  
Which others fain would know ;  
A jot of winged time employ,  
To heed the child of wo.

Thro' life's dark vale, with eager mind,  
Excited by a guess ;  
In thorny paths, I've sought to find  
The phenix, *happinefs*.

I've ask'd the humble and the great,  
The foolish and the wise ;  
The boasting rich, the vain elate,  
Who poverty despise.

I've ask'd the aged bent with years,  
The wretch, the foe, the friend—  
With sighs on sighs—with tears on tears,  
I've seen the sinner's end.

I've travers'd church-yards o'er and o'er,  
And read each sculptur'd name ;  
The *bad*, behind—the *good*, before,  
Here, *infamy*—there, *fame*.

I've trod the ground where faints have been,  
Perhaps the boon was there ;  
I've shun'd the devious paths of sin,  
The paths of deep despair.

I've seen the grave of virtue strown  
With flow'rets by a friend ;  
The age-worn Sire, in shades alone,  
His ruffled bosom rend.

Then ye, who *can*, the secret once disclose,  
(If happiness on earth, as such be giv'n)  
'Twill drive hence sorrow—end corroding woes,  
And prove below, a temporary Heav'n.

HERMES.

## SELECTED POETRY.

*From the Massachusetts Magazine.*

## AVERSIONS.

O how I hate the sneer of self conceit,  
The smile soft mantling o'er another's fall,  
The joy which sparkles at a foe's defeat,  
The slimy nothings of a witlings scrawl ;  
The noisy braggings of a purse proud fool,  
The brutal manners of a country squire,  
The rigid taste of him, who lives by rule,  
The son an Andrew to a worthless Sire ;  
The buckram captain great without a soul,  
The jockey, lying with the face of truth,  
The gossip poison to the peaceful house,  
And hoary age commending crimes of youth ;  
The sportsman, praising nothing but his dogs,  
The gambler, hackney'd in the line of odds,  
The noble, smiling at the dice he cogs,  
The pedant, pregnant with his *quids* and *quods* ;  
The tradesman's honor, when he underfells,  
The prude's pretended chaste and pious looks,  
The fair coquet, when she affection tells,  
The vulgar bigot poring o'er his books ;  
The priest in practice what he dares not preach,  
The technic terms of physic and of law,  
The swindler, skill'd to cheat and overreach,  
The man, who makes, or ever finds a flaw ;  
The smoky chamber and the vixen's tongue,  
The footman mouthing in his master's tone,  
The flippant lady's maid, from nothing sprung,  
Who makes mistaken gestures all her own ;  
The glutton swelling o'er the dear-bought treat,

The wretch with oaths, which blast his eyes and limbs,  
The bloods, who bully whom they dare not beat,  
The preachers, who blaspheme in reading hymns ;  
The petit-maitre with his nice bouquet,  
The overseer, whose heart's compos'd of flint,  
The ancient virgin always on the fret,  
The knave, who stabs you with a distant hint ;  
The blown up fool that needy worth disdains,  
The man, who opes his door, and shuts his heart,  
The miser, wasting o'er his worthless gains,  
The scoundrel coach'd, who well deserves a cart ;  
Of hatred yet a more intense degree  
Remains for him, society's worst pest ;  
Who friendship breaks, though brother should  
he be,  
Who spreads the secret of another's breast.

## THE JACK DAW.

There is a bird who by his coat,  
And by the hoarseness of his note,  
Might be suppos'd a crow ;  
A great frequenter of the church,  
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,  
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,  
That turns, and turns, to indicate  
From what point blows the weather ;  
Look up—your brains begin to swim,  
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,  
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,  
Thither he wings his airy flight,  
And thence securely sees  
The bustle and the raree-show  
That occupy mankind below,  
Secure and at his ease.

You think no doubt he sits and muses  
On future broken bones and bruises,  
If he should chance to fall ;  
No, not a single thought like that  
Employs his philosophic pate,  
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round about,  
The world in all its motley rout,  
Church, army, physic, law,  
Its customs and its bus'nesses  
Are no concern at all of his  
And says, what says he ? Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen  
Much of the vanities of men,  
And sick of having seen 'em,  
Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
For such a pair of wings as thine,  
And such a head between 'em.

IF guardian powers preside above,  
Who still extend to virtuous love  
A tutelary care ;  
The virgin bosom's earliest dole,  
The first born passion of the soul,  
Must find protection there.

Never can noon's maturer ray  
That charm of orient light display,  
Which morning suns impart ;  
So can no later passion prove  
That glow which gilds the dawn of love  
The day-spring of the heart !

*The above lines, copied from the "British Critic," were written by William R. Spencer, Esq.*

## EPIGRAMS.

I am unable, yonder Beggar cries,  
To stand or go ; if he says true, he lies.

Jack his own merit fees. This gives him pride,  
That he sees more than all the world beside.

When men of infamy or grandeur soar,  
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.

*On seeing a Miser at a Concert.*

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,  
To calm the tyrant and relieve th' oppress'd ;  
But Vauxhall's concert's more attractive pow'r  
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threecore :  
O strange effect of music's matchless force,  
T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse !

## TIME.

EVER eating, never cloying,  
All devouring, all destroying,  
Never finding full repast,  
Till I eat the world at last.

## ON the VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,  
All of different voice and features ;  
One of us in a glass is set,  
One of us you'll find in jet,  
T'other you may see in tin,  
And the fourth a box within,  
If the fifth you should pursue  
It can never fly from you.

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